

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.

VOL. I.

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No. 10.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*He's no small fool who thinks he's fit
To pass at all times for a wit;
Nonsense infests e'en men of sense,
Though fools to wit make most pretence.* ANON.

Mr. Easy,

THERE is a story in Boswell's Life of Johnson, stating that two friends called him up at three o'clock in the morning, they having just come from a tavern; after his fears had subsided from the first impressions of terror, and really finding them friends, he heard their proposition, and accepted an invitation for a frolick by saying, "ye dogs have at ye." I am now placing myself in the situation of Johnson, and to my professors I, in my turn, say *ye dogs have at ye*.—It is a lamentable truth that I have long borne the ill usage of the world with philosophical indifference, but I must now beg you to publish this my remonstrance, which I hope will convince all persons of candour and justice, that I have merited better treatment. My ancestry boasts a splendid line of descent—my heraldrick honours are of great antiquity—my name is familiar to every ear—NONSENSE. It would be superfluous to name those upon whom I have conferred favours, as the list would comprise nearly every family in Christendom—suffice it to say, however great the obligations I have bestowed, the world is so selfish that with few exceptions, almost all disown me. Those who are in the habit of associating at the tea-tables and loo-parties, can best appreciate my importance—they well know what an important ingredient I am in society; and it would be the basest ingratitude to conceal the various services I render them. But alas! it is a melancholy fact, that without occasionally asserting my own importance, I should pine in oblivion. The ancients, whom I class amongst my most inveterate foes, stand prominently conspicuous for

having resorted to my aid; and there are many instances in which they have most elaborately made me subservient to their purposes, in their disquisitions upon criticism, casuistry, and philosophy. It will answer my present purpose, if, remarking upon their ingratitude, I pass them over, and confine my attention to the abuse I am incessantly receiving from the moderns.

I hope it is not necessary to enter into an extensive investigation to prove that ingratitude is an heinous sin, as I shall feel perfectly satisfied if I can impress upon your numerous readers the impropriety of casting off an old friend, and render them more subservient and attentive to the obligation imposed upon the recollection of actual service and utility. I am confident if I am judged in the genuine spirit of candour, to all I am occasionally useful, and few parties collect where my aid is not constantly resorted to. The squire of high degree when shewing his vast domains, the merchant in boasting his successful speculations and valuable acquisitions, the gamester in vaunting his skill, the coquette in the enumeration of her conquests, all enlist me under their banners; and yet, strange to tell, all are studious to avoid any acknowledgment of the obligation they are under. Self-love is, I fear, a prominent feature in the cause of this unworthy, disingenuous, and illiberal treatment. The pride of man shrinks from a sense of obligation; but, however discordant to my feelings such a conduct, let me tell you, sir, and all who so unmeritedly treat me, that NONSENSE is incapable of being answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured against conquest or attack by the strength of its position. I cannot take up a newspaper without seeing a display of my assistance, and I am sure I cannot walk the streets without witnessing a number of characters most completely and essentially dependant upon me. You, sir, as an essayist, however high your merit, however transcendent your genius, will occasionally find lapses that will now

and then render me important; and I do hope you will not be so ungenerous as to disown a friend, who in every possible situation professes a readiness to await your call. Do not, Mr. Easy, conceive for a moment I am wantonly and unnecessarily appreciating my own merits. In many of your predecessors I can produce abundant and satisfactory proofs, that without me their disquisitions would have been nugatory. To name but one. Let any disinterested reader examine Boswell's Life of Johnson, and impartially reflect upon the aid I gave that illustrious man, when his mind was unbended by social intercourse and convivial meeting. If I were at liberty to suggest another, this city presents a fine field for declamation, in the aid I gave some friends that shall be nameless, when discussing the propriety or impropriety of a clergyman attending the *War-dance*.

One grievance presses so strongly upon my mind that I must take the opportunity of disclosing it, and if thro' your medium I can be instrumental in securing to myself that share of merit which, to use a lawyer's phrase, is my legal right, I shall scarcely find words to acknowledge the obligation I am under. The case I allude to is this: The gentry of this city are occasionally invited to a sumptuous dinner, (but what I most complain of is, a dinner of batchelors at a tavern) the ladies are equally partakers of the fare provided. During their stay, what ought to be hilarity, good humour, and reciprocal exchange of good sense blended with useful information, not unfrequently degenerates into dullness, form, and insipidity; my reign is then proverbial: but as it is the custom for the ladies to retire, I then have reason to complain of my rights being infringed. No sooner is a retreat beaten, than the gentlemen impose upon me by drawing very large drafts indeed, so large as almost to bear me down by their weight. I wish in thus pointing out how much they are debtor to me, I may make them "bankrupt e'en in thanks"—but I fear from past experience they are incorrigible. They set down to their bottle, smoke their segars, and impose a most tremendous load upon me. I am confident were I to describe the turn conversation takes, disclose their toasts, and delineate the quaint expressions that are occasionally made use of, you would suppose I had replaced the filth of the Augean stable. It is enough to say, the obligations thus contracted, they are as unfrequently unable to answer, as they are indisposed to avow.

Qui capit, ille facit.*

If any are inclined to attach personality to the remark,

* When caps among the crowd are thrown,
Which fits you best wear as your own.

let them boldly by their conduct disclaim the alliance. It is my wish to have justice, and if I am disowned, let it be the pride of all to hesitate at the acceptance of obligations. Contrary to the general maxim of the world, I attach unexampled merit to the virtue of disinterestedness, and I am far from wishing officiously to intrude my good offices, but I must once again enter my protest against the sin of ingratitude.

The lover presents another source for fair animadversion. How often have I witnessed his recurrence to dictionaries for expressions of inviolate and unalterable attachment? how often have I heard his declamatory vows of eternal constancy? how often has it been my fate to attend to his apparently disinterested professions of attachment, when a few thousand dollars have changed the current of his feelings to a torrent of vilification and abuse upon the very object of his recent adoration. I beg to ask you, sir, as an impartial man, whether such conduct does not render the subject tributary and dependant upon me; and yet by sad experience I can prove they become hostile the moment their nefarious views are not successful. I will next point out the artificial character of him who can introduce himself into society by a professed knowledge of characters, ancient as well as modern; who can even quote Scripture to answer his purpose; who professes to be master of the Ethicks of Aristotle, the sayings of Rochefoucault, the maxims of Chesterfield, wild and incoherent as they are—the Philosophy of Newton, and the Morality of Paley;—and yet this man, without one grain of principle, or one particle of common sense, shall make his way in the world, without the least obligation of the debt due to me.

It would be wantonly trespassing upon your time, were I much longer to enlarge upon the mortifications I am daily subjected to. I have fairly and candidly stated my grievances, and I hope by this publick exposure I shall get redress. To the publick candour I commit my cause.

NONSENSE.

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Time was given for use, not waste.  
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,  
To keep his speed; nor ever wait for man.

YOUNG.

THE commencement of a new year always awakens in my mind very serious considerations upon the great value of time, and the infinite obligations we are under to our Maker to improve properly the moments with which he intrusts us. The deposit, if properly considered, is, surely, a most important one. We cannot consider one moment of our lives at our own disposal; he who gives us time, has directed us not to waste it, or spend it merely



for our own gratification; but to improve every moment with the greatest diligence, in the manner he has pointed out. And, moreover, he has informed us that we must *give an account* of all our time to him; not only of every day, but of every *action* of our lives; and even every *thought* will be brought into judgment before Him who sees and knows our hearts. How different is the general conduct of men, in this respect, from what it should be! how do they grieve at the slowness of time! how are they continually complaining that time hangs heavy on their hands! they have so much *idle* time that they do not know what to do with it; and are constantly making themselves miserable with the very means that are given them to procure and increase their felicity. How lamentable is the consideration, and yet how true it is, that mankind will not pursue the road to happiness, though it is so plainly pointed out, that "the way-faring man," if he be intent upon it, "though a fool, *cannot* err therein." What can be the reason of this almost general propensity to flee the ways of happiness, and pursue with such ardour the way in which there is no comfort? what else can it be, than that man will not *believe* that with which he is unacquainted, and will not strive to get a knowledge of that which alone can conduct him where all his wishes tend, and whither all his exertions, though wrong-directed, are meant to convey him—to the abode of happiness. The question has repeatedly been proposed, Where is happiness to be found? this has engaged the attention of great numbers, who have searched throughout the world for it, and have returned with the mournful report, Happiness is not to be found under the sun; there is nothing to be obtained in this world, but what ultimately turns out to be "vanity and vexation of spirit." This was the conclusion of the wise man of Israel, who ransacked the works of nature and of art in search of this desired object, with a determination to possess it, if it were to be found in any object or enjoyment upon earth. He, as well as others, missed his aim; and for this plain reason, that he expected to find *what was not*. To suppose that the human soul, which was created to exist forever, and made capable of infinite progression in knowledge and enjoyment, could be satisfied with any thing this world can boast of, or even with the world itself, with all its treasures, would be as idle as to imagine that the course of the stars was under our controul, or that we could change the destiny of creation by a word. Though happiness is not in the enjoyment of any earthly treasure, yet surely it is in its perfection in the intercourse which the good man has with his God. Solomon, after searching in vain for happiness

throughout the world, came to this conclusion at last—that to "fear God, and keep his commandments, is the *whole of man*." He who delights to converse with his Heavenly Father, and who can at all times appeal to Him for the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, enjoys such a perfect peace, as no sublunary object can possibly bestow: and what is more pleasing to the possessor of this happiness, he is assured that the world cannot rob him of his invaluable treasure.

Reflecting through the day on this inattention of mankind to their true interests, and on their propensity to be dissatisfied with their condition in life; the subject still engaged my mind after I was in bed, even until I fell asleep; when the following vision was presented to my view. I was walking slowly on the declivity of a steep hill, totally absorbed in the contemplation of the same subject which had occupied so much of my thoughts during the preceding day; when there appeared at a little distance, approaching me, a venerable old man, whose countenance bespoke wisdom, and whose whole appearance instantly prepossessed me in his favour. When he came near he thus addressed me: Young man, why are you so serious? men at your age are seldom concerned about any thing but what relates immediately to their present enjoyment; but although you may be singular in your disposition with respect to the world, you will never regret that you have bestowed some serious thoughts on futurity: mankind universally will have to leave time; and if they never think of death beforehand, they will never be prepared to meet him.—As you appear willing to receive instruction on this subject, I will shew you a scene from which you may derive much advantage, and perhaps no small delight. Look up, and mark what you behold.—I immediately raised my eyes, but could see nothing but an extended sea on every side. I had not long considered this scene, before there appeared emerging from the sea, a creature of an immense size, in the form of a horse; his eyes seemed flames of fire, his mouth foamed as a torrent, and he moved over the water with an inconceivable swiftness. Upon his back there was placed a stage, which appeared of polished glass, and on this I saw men and women, who were all busily employed about their different affairs, and seemed totally insensible to their dangerous situation. In a very short time, I saw some of them grow giddy, (occasioned by the velocity with which they were carried forward,) their heads turned, and they fell from their places into the sea below, and immediately disappeared. Notwithstanding the incredible swiftness of the beast, the people on his back seemed in-



sensible of it, and appeared quite ignorant that he moved at all.—At first there were but few on this stage; but the number rapidly increased; in a short time it appeared almost full; when suddenly the horse leaped to one side, and precipitated almost the whole of them into the sea. The remainder appeared to take no notice of what had happened, but went on as before, and the stage soon appeared to be again covered. I now discovered several individuals endeavouring to climb upon the heads of their companions; sometimes they would nearly succeed, but when they were raised a little above the common level, the swiftness with which they were carried forward would cause them to grow giddy, and down they immediately sunk into the sea. Others would get a great number to join in raising them above their fellows, and this produced parties, who opposed each other by force: in these struggles great multitudes were thrown off together; and I observed that not one that was thrown into the sea ever recovered his place. What appeared very singular to me was, that although this horse travelled on the very surface of the water, not one in ten thousand of those on his back knew any thing of it. They knew neither that there was an ocean below them, nor that they moved at all; but thought their places remained fixed, and should indure for ever. The sight of the multitudes that were continually precipitated into the sea, had no effect whatever on them; they remained firm to their own opinion, that they should never lose their place.

The stupidity of these people in almost every particular relative to their situation, amazed me beyond measure. Although the stage was so slippery that, considering the impetuosity of the horse, it was wonderful they could keep their feet, and were not thrown off by the least motion; yet they would gather in companies, and run foot-races, and almost always in a direction contrary to that of the horse that carried them—the certain effect of which was, they were immediately buried in the sea. There were some among them who seemed to have no other pleasure than that of throwing others off; and because they could not of themselves sufficiently satisfy this singular desire, they would hire large companies to assist them; and the person who had thrown the greatest number off the horse, was honoured and rewarded as the most deserving; and frequently had power over the lives of millions of his fellows, for no better reason than that he cared not how many of them were destroyed. I saw a few of this almost innumerable company who appeared very desirous of convincing the rest of the danger of their situation—but the success of these worthy characters was extremely. Some of them, I ob-

served, in the midst of their philanthropic endeavours, were thrown headlong into the sea by an infuriated mob; others were held up to derision; and every possible means taken to deter them from their purpose. The great proportion of the crowd appeared afraid lest they should be bro't to see their condition, which, however deplorable it was, they were desirous to remain in as long as they could. In the whole of my observations upon this scene, nothing surprised me so much as to see the different effect the expectation of falling into the sea had upon those of different characters, where they had time to reflect upon their situation, after they began to slide off the stage. Those who had reflected beforehand upon their condition, and had not joined the multitude in their many senseless and wicked schemes, when they saw they were going, and that nothing could prevent them from falling, would cast their eyes towards heaven with calm resignation, and implore the Maker of the sea and of all things to receive them; and having full confidence in the favour and protection of Him whom they had served, would go off with calmness and joy, and some even with seeming exultation: On the other hand, those who had never attended to any thing but the trifles of the multitude, when they found they could remain no longer among their companions, would raise such lamentable cries as would alarm even their comrades, for the moment; and would endeavour to catch hold on any thing that was within their reach, to prevent their falling; but it was always in vain, down they must sink; and as they had never endeavoured to make a friend any where but among the crowd they were about to leave, they knew they must be forever friendless. No sooner were they out of sight, than their comrades forgot what they had seen, and continued their old ways; till presently another would fall in the same dreadful manner; or perhaps he had not time for a moment's reflection, his foot slides, and he is instantly precipitated into the sea; his companions behold his fate, and turn from him, and immediately forget that there ever was such a one among them. In this manner did this crowd continue to act till I had got almost sick at beholding their innumerable follies and wickednesses; when, lo! this horse, whom I had seen rise from the sea, and pursue his rapid course, was instantly, with all his load, swallowed up in the ocean, and nothing was to be seen but one expanded sheet of water. I turned with astonishment to the old man who had directed me to this scene, and who had continued standing by my side the whole time, with an intention of asking him what it meant; but my amazement had so entirely overcome me, that I was unable to articulate a single syllable—he understood from my looks what I wished to



ay, and desiring me to compose myself said he would give me whatever information I desired. After a few minutes he thus addressed me :

What you have seen is a picture of this world. GOD, the author of all things, is from eternity—which was represented by the sea which you beheld, and from which he commanded Time (represented by the horse) to come forth. A considerate mind needs not any representation to convince it that Time moves with an incredible velocity ; you have seen its effects upon mankind, who are all carried with it. As time sprang from eternity, so, at the command of GOD, it shall be swallowed up in eternity again. It is GOD who directs its course, and he will stop it when he sees fit. Bear in mind what you have seen ; improve every moment of your life, as you are instructed by the word of GOD—that when you shall be obliged to launch into eternity, you may do it “*with joy and not with grief.*”

My good old instructor immediately disappeared, and left me in such a frame of mind, that I instantly awoke,—and upon a review of my dream, resolved to send an account of it to Mr. Easy, that, if he pleased, he might insert it in the COMPANION, for the instruction of his readers.

#### THE TRIFLER—No. V.

[High authority, from the ranks of both literary and moral men, might be quoted in defence of the fashionable amusements of our day, when checked by the reins of moderation ; but the constant pursuit of trifling matters, to the utter exclusion of all serious and rational things, will never be approved of but by fools and designing men.

I am sometimes almost mad at myself, Mr. Easy, for not having taken up the style and title of a LISTENER ; for I often have opportunities of listening to pleasant stories and dialogues, calculated, I think, to amuse you.—But, trifling as may appear my character, I am determined never to lose it by grasping at another. Indeed, I think that was a foolish dog who lost a fine piece of beef by gaping at a second, which he did not need, and which he could not reach. This settles it, Sir,—reading this fable at once upsets all my arrangements for assuming the new office—it immediately convinced me, that as a Listener, (a high office under the Editor of a moral periodical work) I ought to be able to correct, by my essays, some high vices that have already begun to creep into polite American circles—for which I well knew my strength of talent, my experience in the world, my rank amongst your correspondents, did not qualify me. Great has been your loss on this account. Oh, did I possess the pen of

Frankly or Crito, I would give you a rich account of a very interesting conversation, or rather debate, that took place at the house of my friend, since I last wrote you.

I would not insinuate that I am a favourite of the ladies—only that, in common with other civil men, I am blessed with the friendship of some whose good sense and comely deportment inspire me with sentiments of profound respect for the sex—for I would not, for all the laurels I might possibly gather, risk the receiving such a drubbing from a female pen as *Silliander* and *Patch*\* received from the cutting satire of the matchless MONTAGUE.

Though I am not a Listener, nor able to send you a proper account of the debate, yet I will enclose you a dialogue from the *old chest*, it being a good deal similar—hoping that you will, in your wisdom, see meet to appoint an officer of the above description ; or that some one may volunteer his services.] T.

#### A DIALOGUE FOR THE LADIES.

*Miss Prim (reading) and Miss Funlove.*

*Miss F.* What! always poring over a needle or a book? Why, child, you are fit company for my grandmother.—Come, come, I will find you better diversion. I am invited to a concert and ball to-night, and am at liberty to carry a friend ; so throw away your book—(snatching it out of her hand) and send for your hair-dresser.

*Miss P.* Pray be quiet, Harriot ; I have but two pages to read, and then—

*Miss F.* And do you suppose, Emily, that I can wait while you finish your musty morality?

*Miss P.* No ; but I was going to read you a charming passage.—However, I see you have other things in your head.

*Miss F.* Ay, I should be sorry if I had not ; but how can you, Emily, who have a pleasing face and a good figure, spend your time so stupidly, which might be much better employed?

*Miss P.* When you can convince me of that, Harriot, I will throw aside my book immediately.

*Miss F.* Is it not a thousand times better to leave sitting at home by yourself, or only conversing, as you call it, with some humdrum old author, who fancied himself wiser than all the world, though he did not enjoy one pleasure in it, and to go among people of taste and spirit, with whom you may laugh, sing, dance, and romp, and what-not?—

\* See Poems of the right honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montague—vol. v. of her works—Lond. 1803.



*Miss P.* Ay, you may think so; but I am of a different opinion. I had rather stay at home to eternity, and endeavour to improve my mind, than be always running into company to be laughed at.

*Miss F.* And why laughed at, Emily? Envied, I will allow you may be, if you attract the admiration of the men; but women seldom laugh at one another upon such occasions.

*Miss P.* Nor do men always admire, when we fancy they do.

*Miss F.* Perhaps not; and yet I believe I have seldom been deceived. Women of a certain age and person who have talents, know how to make the most of them; and one may gain a dozen lovers while another does over as many pages.

*Miss P.* Lovers are not quite so soon gained; admirers may: but to what purpose is it for a man to praise a girl for some trifling accomplishment, some little beauty in her person, if he ridicules her for the levity of her manners?

*Miss F.* What a sly insinuation! Did I not believe you to be my friend, Emily, I should think that you, with the rest of my acquaintance, were susceptible of that despicable and malignant passion envy.

*Miss P.* Indeed I am not, Harriot; I do not envy you, upon my word; for though I am very ready to allow you all your merit; though I will freely confess that you have a pleasing face and elegant form, a delicate complexion, and a musical voice; that you have an infinite number of accomplishments; that you can utter an oath with a pretty masculine accent, and play a cotillion upon your chin; yet there is so much of the female coxcomb about you, that I had rather, much rather, be plain humble Emily, and overlooked in the crowd, than be the distinguished Harriot, the wonder of fools and fops, and the object of perpetual ridicule in the eyes of every man of sense.—I cannot help recollecting a line of Mr. Pope's, which is very applicable upon this occasion:

“For fools admire, while men of sense approve.”

*Miss F.* You might have spared your quotation, Miss Prim; for I do not think it at all pat to the purpose.—Your men of sense and my fools do not exactly accord with your description. They are indeed, in my opinion, reversed. It is impossible, therefore, that we can agree upon this subject.

*Miss P.* You are angry, Harriot?

*Miss F.* No, Emily, it is not worth while.

*Miss P.* Indeed, my dear, you mistake me; I meant most kindly, I thought—I am not singular in supposing

that you, with all your merit, Harriot, have some foibles—(who is without them?) and that you, by correcting them, will make yourself a thousand times more amiable than you are at present: and I am still willing to hope, that you have regard enough for me to be assured that I cannot say any thing with a view to render you unhappy.—I wish to make you more esteemed; nay, more admired.

*Miss F.* Well, now you talk like a good girl: but pray tell me, in the first place, and tell me sincerely, do you really think I should be more admired and esteemed, as you call it, if I were to adopt your sober sentiments? I cannot help imagining that they would be very much against me.—I'll tell you why: As there is a much larger number of my men in the world than yours; that is, more fools than men of sense; and as I happen to suit the taste of the former, I shall certainly make a much greater number of conquests by remaining as I am, without any of your discreet alterations, my dear.

*Miss P.* Possibly you may; but is not the conquest over one man of sense more satisfactory than the triumph over a thousand fools?

*Miss F.* Umph!—Why, much may be said on both sides.

*Miss P.* You intend to marry, I suppose?

*Miss F.* Doubtless: I have made no violent resolution against matrimony.

*Miss P.* And don't you think that a man of reason will make the best husband?

*Miss F.* Ay, if he happen to be a reasonable man.

*Miss P.* Pshaw! how you love to trifle, Harriot!

*Miss F.* I do, dearly, with men, because they are trifling creatures.—In short, I love trifling exceedingly; I hate to sit down and think, and be solemn. No, let me laugh through life; I can but be happy, and it matters very little what makes me so. Were you to take my side of the question, I fancy you would have as much to say as I have, if not more.

*Miss P.* I have a great deal more to say in support of my own opinion than you will patiently listen to; and since I can make no impression upon you, I will give up the point.

*Miss F.* Ay, you had better give it up; you had better let me alone, Emily; I am quite incorrigible; for while I am so blest with nonsense, I shall certainly never give myself any fatigue about sense; and, you, child, with your violent passion for understanding, may not, perhaps, be in the smallest degree, happier than myself.

*Miss P.* We are, indeed, taught to believe that there



is no such thing as absolute felicity on earth, Harriot; but if, by conquering indirect propensities, and keeping our passions under proper regulation, we can make ourselves, or even our neighbours, wiser or better, I think it is worth while to try.

*Miss F.* Now there we differ again, my dear philosopher in petticoats; for I would not attempt making my neighbours wiser, for the world, lest I might want subjects to laugh at.

*Miss P.* Don't you think that while you are laughing at them, they are diverting themselves with you?

*Miss F.* With all my heart. If I am but merry, let them divert themselves as much as they please: I defy them to be merrier than I am; and if I know no care, I can feel none.

*Miss P.* Would it not vex you to be despised?

*Miss F.* Not in the least, except I was fond of those who despised me; and that I know is impossible. You see, child, there is no moving me but with a pretty fellow or a fiddle: so, will you go with me to the dance?

*Miss P.* (smiling) I thank you, my dear; I am more seriously engaged.

*Miss F.* Adieu, then; and much good may your serious enjoyment do you, though it be a matrimonial one: But even that solemn business would not make me change my humour. [Exit.

*Miss P.* Farewel, Madcap!

#### FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Of all the human faculties, none is more useful, admirable, and excellent, than speech. How noble is it, therefore, to exert, in a superior style, that faculty which is the glory of our nature, and which was given to us for the essential service of ourselves and society! Wherever the liberal sciences have been cherished, the art of speaking has always been cultivated with peculiar care, encouraged with honours the most distinguished, and rewarded with emoluments the most considerable.

Reviewing the state of eloquence in these kingdoms, we find this eminent perfection of our nature in a rapid state of decline, from neglecting to cultivate the voice in our early years.

How unfavorably must British eloquence appear, and how far distant from improvement must it be found, by those who recollect the manner in which our youth are taught to read!

In moral books, many words that should never be spoken but with the most respectful tone of voice and demeanor, are, by old women of our village, and even our city semi-

naries, suffered to be banged, thumped, and knocked about, without the least reverence or regard.

One little boy begins thus, in a bible with torn leaves and broken cover—"And Harbonah—one of the king's chamberlains—said to the king—behold also the gallows—fifty cubits high—which Haman had made for Mordecai—standing in the house of Haman—Then the king said—hang him thereon."

Another follows, in this manner: "Verse the tenth—So they hanged—Haman—on the—gallows—that he—had prepared—for Mordecai—then was—the—king's wrath pacified."

Thus poor Mordecai and Haman—Haman and Mordecai, are hummed and hawed, and jumbled together with as little propriety of accent or emphasis as if hapless Haman was but just executed, and these little children were employed to cry his dying speech.

A Frenchman passing the door of one of these erudite seminaries, and stopping to listen, pursed up his face, and, with a shrug of contempt, exclaimed—"Ah pauvres misérables! Be gar dey sing like nutting at all."

What a reflection was this? The Frenchman having no idea of their being thus taught to read, very naturally supposed, from the tone of their voice, they were attempting to sing, and therefore very justly exclaimed, "Ah! Pauvres misérables," &c. &c.

A fellow of a college, whose name was Backhouse unfortunately once found a young gentleman on his staircase, sprawling at full length, being fuller of the juice of the vine than young gentlemen ought to be.—Backhouse took hold of him, and hawling him along somewhat roughly, began to expostulate with him. The youth was thus brought to his recollection, when on rubbing his eyes, and feeling B. drag him down stairs, he exclaimed,

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui plenum?

HOR.

Whither, Bacchus, pull'st thou me,

While I am so full of thee?

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Incognito* is received, and under consideration. On a more serious subject *Incognito* could certainly write with more interest; we would wish him to be more known by us as a correspondent.

The little elegy by *Llewellyn* is beautifully pathetick: his communications will be ever thankfully received.

The beautiful and correct translation of Plato's *Ode*, by *F.* convinces us that he can, and we earnestly request he will, become a valuable assistant in our poetical department.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Written in the spring of 1803, on hearing of the much lamented death of a young and amiable lady, who died of a pulmonary complaint.*

In the concave of heav'n all resplendent with light,  
Shines the star of the ev'ning, unrival'd its blaze;  
Thus in beauty and virtue transcendently bright,  
Shone Eliza, the theme of my lays.

Now, the fire that illumin'd her eye is expir'd,  
And the rose that enliven'd her cheek, it is fled;  
And that elegant form which the Graces attir'd,  
Joins the band of inanimate dead!

I will hie to the streamlet with willows o'erhung—  
To the dark winding valley, with cypress o'erspread—  
And there I will sorrow the tall-reeds among,  
For the peerless Eliza is dead!

O relinquish awhile those gay ditties of love,  
Ye choristers sweet that enliven the grove;  
Let sorrowing dirges resound in their stead,  
For the peerless Eliza is dead!

LLEWELLYN.

*On hearing a lady extolled for her transcendent beauty and harmonious voice.*

When Delia trips the verdant green,  
In her so many charms are seen,  
The youths all turn to gaze;  
Dame nature, when she form'd the fair,  
Endow'd her with so sweet an air,  
That all who see must praise.

Whene'er her voice assails the ear,  
The soul enraptur'd bends to hear  
Her harmony divine;  
Not Orpheus' self, of whom is told  
Such magic tales by bards of old,  
Could warble half so fine.

But what is beauty, what is grace,  
With all the charms that deck the face,  
Without the cultur'd mind?  
They're but the flowrets of a day,  
Whose tender petals soon decay,  
And flutter in the wind.

Then Delia, be not too secure;  
Such charms we know can't long endure,  
And oft to ruin tend;  
In virtue place your surest trust,  
A diamond that will never rust,  
And always prove your friend.

Chester-Town.

AMICUS.

*To Emma, on reading some verses of the Author.*

Why steadfast by the waning taper's light  
Shall gentle Emma dwell o'er verse like mine,  
And genius fondly stoop to take delight  
Where taste like hers must blame each weary line?

By nature courteous, and to kindness prone,  
She seeks perhaps some fancy to commend;  
But while she reads, intent on me alone,  
Forgets the poet and applauds the friend.

No more I ask beyond the sweet reward  
Her bosom yields, whence pure affection flows,  
And where approving conscience lives to guard  
That friendship sacred which she feels she owes. x.

## CONTENT.

The wind whistles down through the vale,  
But snug are my sheep in the fold;  
'Tis winter that speaks in the gale,  
But Ellen is shelter'd from cold.

Tho' humble the thatch o'er my door,  
'Tis cheerful and happy within;  
With Ellen how can I be poor!  
Whose smiles my affections can win.

Let others with riches be bless'd,  
They strew o'er the pillow with thorns,  
My boy is by Ellen carress'd,  
Her smile our dear cottage adorns. x.

## ADIEU.

Adieu! 'tis a word that will break my poor heart,  
A sound that no peace nor content will impart,  
Ever banishing pleasure and rest:  
Oh! say not adieu! 'tis the point of a sword  
Sharp edg'd, that with poison will torture each word  
Recollection awakes in my breast. x.

## TRANSLATION

*Of a Sonnet by Plato, written in his youth and preserved by Diogenes Laertius.*

This charming Apple, Lydia, see—  
Catch it, quick—I give it thee  
Newly from the luscious heap  
Which for thee alone I keep;

Take, and with it take my heart.  
If the God with secret dart  
Touch thee, haste in all thy charms  
And give them to my longing arms.

But, (that word I hate to hear—  
O fate do not confirm my fear)  
Should you not my suit approve  
Take the fruit, the gift of love;

And think that ere to-morrow's noon  
Its bloom and sweetness may be gone;  
If to day 'tis not enjoy'd  
'Twill be by ruthless time destroy'd. f.

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